



A Day's Song
J. Stuart Thomson

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A DAY'S SONG.

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BY

JOHN STUART THOMSON

TORONTO :

WILLIAM BRIGGS

WESLEY BUILDINGS.

MONTRÉAL : C. W. COATES.

HALIFAX : S. F. HUESTIS.

1900

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Verse collected from the *Toronto Week*
Massey's Magazine, *Canadian Magazine*,
Chap-Book, *Peterson Magazine*, *Godey's*,
Criterion, *Argosy*, *East and West*, *New*
York Home Journal, *Dixie Magazine*, *Anglo-*
American, *National*, *Chambers's Journal*;
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the author's thanks are extended.

TO MY FRIEND

The Honorable William S. Fielding, M.P.

MINISTER OF FINANCE, CANADA.

*From eve to deeper shade,—
And doubt is long;
But ever grief or joy has made
At noon a song.*

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POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

INSPIRATION.

Sweet thoughts are whispering in my loved one's ears,
Soft as the zephyrs at the gate of morn.
Oh, surely wooing music 'tis she hears,
That smiles and tears her dewy eyes adorn ;
So does the breeze, o'er Hybla's meadows blowing,
Catch up the hummings of the spring's content,
And melt the young Theocritus to sighs,
That almost without knowing
He breathes bucolics ; or deep blooms, shade-sprent,
Move him to lyrics on Sicilian eyes.

THE ARBUTUS.

Here love, with straying feet, shall go
Where Spring's paths meet together ;
One way the Winter went, I know
And it was blustrous weather.

The snow was falling, wide and white,
In calm it melted slowly ;
Again I looked, for well I might,
I saw a blossom holy :

A cream-cheeked thing on slender stalk,
So timid and so vagrant,
I might to tropic gardens walk
And find no bloom so fragrant.

We gathered lilies in the south,
 You and I together ;
You pressed them to your chin and mouth,
 And laughed—'twas summer weather.

You loosed a lock to fix a rose,
 That crowned a dreamy valley ;
Caressing it, I saw the pose,
 With lightsome wit and sally.

Among the deep blooms of the fall
 I watched your soft hand reaching
Unto (I saw no cardinal)
 An answering heaven, beseeching.

But, dear ! this trailing, pink-lipped flower,
 First of Spring's gentle creatures,
I tender in life's hopeful hour
 The picture of your features.

Green for your gown, pink for your blush,
 White wreath, for beauty gleaming ;
This perfect perfume for the hush
 Of love, when it is dreaming.

ELONIE.

The wind is in her hair :

Elonie ;

It cannot dim the starlight there :

The glinting gold her tresses wear,

So flowing, free.

Laughter when cares are light,

Elonie !

The Spring is like a violet bright,

Thine eyes were spring-time to my sight,

When thou lovedst me.

Waked by the robin's call,

Elonie !

The lyric answers rise and fall,

Thy voice I miss, and thus lose all

The melody.

Thy feet have pressed the grass,

Elonie !

And I can trace thee as I pass :

Thy fleeting vision in a glass

Eluding me.

Bloom of the slender vine,

Elonie !

Red rose ta'en by a hand not mine,

Too precious in my wreath to twine,

Yet I wished thee.

TRANSFORMED.

'Twas in the purple-flowering month we met,
And I had gathered fleurs-de-lis for her,
And sought the dim wood where the fern leaves
stir
To find an orchis, fringed and sweet and wet.
These in her simple joy she coyly set
Among her tresses, but I knew her not,
Some passing wind a sylph or nymph had brought.

And ere I sighed or spoke a vain regret,
She led me to a green and shadowy grove,
Where fallow-deer, large-eyed, did shyly rove,
And on a bank of thyme we two did sit.
Words were forgotten ; in her wide blue eyes
I read some symbol language, though my wit
Had passed away ; I dwelt in Paradise.

PRETTY ONE.

Oh ! bring thy lips and kiss the sun,
Pretty One !

It surely woos thee, yea as I
Would flash and die,
A tribute at thy feet, a raptured cry.

Oh ! loose thy hair and fill my hands
With the strands :

The poppy wreath, the vein of gold,
The veil I hold :

A Tyrian flutter of the queens of old.

Oh ! lift thy tangled lashes up
To the cup :

My lips ; or choose the morning's blue,
If you love dew,

And love the light, as my soul loveth you.

Oh ! ivy-falling beauty fair :
 Glances, hair !
The drooping, sleeping evening vine :
 The eglantine,
Is not as love-flowered as this heart of mine.

LOVE'S CASTLE.

My heart, my Love, a castle is,
Strong barred from foemen's lances ;
But yielding, nobler in the bliss,
A captive to your glances.

I held it sure, I held it long ;
I warred 'gainst arms, not graces ;
'Twas Mars I served, not Venus' song,
Thou Queen of pretty faces !

I watched through nights, I strove through days,
In our fair war of wooing ;
I thought I conquered till your gaze
Revealed life's dear undoing.

Then teach me that all power is skill,
Not castle walls, or lances ;
But rather, where the softened will
Succumbs to what entrances.

For they may war, and they may woo,
But pleading is the winning ;
And truth can point God's love unto
The pity in the sinning.

My heart, my Love, a castle is,
Not walls or sterner duty,
But flowered in thy myriad kiss :
A bright array of beauty.

LADY MERCY.

Oh ! come ye fickle loves ! and see,
Nor be your spirit spiteful,
Where Lady Mercy bends the knee
In pieties delightful.

My lady of a thousand beaux,
When the swift dance is singing,
But drooping now, a cloister rose,
When holy bells are ringing.

And sin of her were beauty fair ;
It were an added pleasure
For Love to add unto her share,
Sweet pity, in the measure.

I love her for her eyes alone,
Fonts, absolution, graces,
Cannot for my heart's needs atone
As does that pearl of faces.

My lady of a thousand tears,
But faultless she, my sinning
Implores the answer to her fears,
And sweet love be the winning !

Oh ! come ye constant loves ! and be
The servitors of beauty,
And I at Lady Mercy's knee
Shall breathe the prayerful duty :

To make her eyes forgiveness ;
Her tears, like honey-showers,
To sweeten what her word shall bless :
A life set out in flowers.

THE ROSE.

Of all the flowers that love gave me,
My memory gives one ;
As looking at the galaxy,
Or at the flooding sun,
Thine eye pale Hesper chooseth,
When the wide day is done.

Though beauty be the queen of all,
First find thee graces there !
The gorgeous with the virginal,
In truth, dare not compare ;
Mayhap, for beauty looking,
Grace adds thy needed share.

And so I found her maiden true,
In qualities supreme,
The softness of the morning's dew,
The brilliance of its beam :
The royal and the modest,
Where each may either seem.

What hold I here, plucked from her breast ?
Ye gods ! a red warm rose,
Oh ! all my fancies go to nest,
For o'er me rapture flows,
I had not dreamed that loving
Would find truth at the close.

THE PROGRESSION.

Why have ye waked me? Yes, I know,
The East's a brimming glass of wine,
It melts the borders of the snow,
And paints the mayflower-vine.

A censer, swung from unseen hands,
A holy shrine makes of the glade;
Meek snowdrops bow in humble bands,
They were for worship made.

The beauty broods deep in the stream,
Shadow to sunshine blossomed up;
The marigold, of dew and gleam,
Spring finds, a flowing cup.

A perfect song breathes from the reed ;
It spreads until my eyelids close ;
I dream, and for my dearest need
Love gives her kiss, a rose.

TO A PICTURE.

Dear eyes ! come to me nightly,
As when the stars look in,
Half shadow, and half brightly,
So you my wonder win.

Dear hair ! of many roses,
Be round my fingers blown :
A bower, where Love discloses
The treasures that I own.

Thy brow, that like the morning
Swell's full with light and dream
Where pride gives her adorning,
And beauty gives her gleam.

TO A PICTURE.

And where your smiles are breaking,
A soft surprise of pearls,
You seem a Queen awaking
Among a thousand girls.

Oh ! you are more than summer,
You are the year complete ;
A late, a last new-comer,
To find all at your feet.

And yet, you take no guerdon,
Nor claim your own, nor know
You are the pretty burden
Of songs that used to flow.

Your eyes have held a palace ;
Your temples borne a crown ;
Your lips, a fateful chalice
That brought a kingdom down.

But yet, for my undoing,
And yet, for my desire,
With love you drown my rueing,
And wake the deeper fire.

Kin of my soul, my longing !
I close mine eyes, I call ;
A thousand voices thronging,
And you, the Name in all.

ULALINE.

Ulaline ! lost Ulaline !

So, in the pause of the dirge of the night,
The white sad faces seem to breathe the light

Upon my spirit, with your name.

I leap up to it, with my lips in flame ;
And throw my soul with cries, and hunger, madness, to
The echoes,—bitter ashes, bitter laughter,—falling
through

The cold wild space, that held not Ulaline.

Ulaline, if Death would come !

Sweet as the breeze when it kisses the flower,
Or if my stony soul could in this bower
Tempt it and flaunt it to a cry

Of pain, until its witless rage would die
In merciless content, to have me underneath,
How I would, flower-like, seed-like, mingle with the
trysting-heath,
Where Ulaline shall not hereafter come.

Ulaline ! that you were dead !
Then could I find you and bathe you with tears,
And fleeting hope, and change, and varied years,
And death, and God, and life, and Love,
Could droop their honeyed, resting wings above
Your flower-face, ambered in a smiling youth ;
And we should kiss, kiss you, and pass the kiss of
constant truth ;
But Ulaline is lost, she is not dead.

Ulaline ! whose name and words
Broke like the attar that dripped from the rose,
You far have gone, but listening, my heart flows
On memory that rises to
A star serene,—God keep it,—more than you :
Your chastened love, purer than summer's kindliest
sun,

I kneel there, life passed, death most, greatest courage
greatly done,
And lift to Faith your promise and your words.

Ulaline ! you mock me yet,
Sweetness shall break from the heart of the comb,
And you must journey, weary, tearful, home ;
 The full grapes of the promised South
I grasp to cool my soul's lips ; give your mouth !
And feed your sins, your needs, your pale dear face,
With pity, pardon, love, and God's eternal ambient
 grace
To flow around us, so we may forget.

A PASTORAL.

I guide my sheep to dewy meads,
Where daffodils are glinting yellow ;
I pipe the morning on my reeds,
And flute the noontime mellow.

I harvest tall and golden bloom,
And stain my pale feet in the grasses ;
I risk my foothold, for the plume
Of vines in marshy passes.

I sing Oh ! ho ! The birds in flight
Return the far-flown rippled laughter ;
I strive and follow, till my sight
In dreams must wander after.

A PASTORAL.

I wave my arms against the sun,
And vie the mid-day in my blushes ;
I laugh, for youth-time is not done :
My heart my brave cheek flushes.

I break a juicy sapling lithe,
And whip my flocks, and harp the summer ;
I am a long-tressed maiden blithe :
A tripping, light new-comer.

I hear a crooning in the leaves :
Ripe-headed barley brushing sweetly ;
And Evening setting o'er the sheaves,
Ah ! I am soothed completely.

My flocks shall sleep low in the west ;
My fresh-cut crook is almost falling ;
A stray lamb, at my feet at rest,
And I, hear young love calling.

THE TROUBADOUR.

I never breathe the sweet and tuneful gale
But longings for old song within me rise,
That with some Troubadour adown the vale
I might pursue the field-lark's echoing cries ;
Sweet converse we would hold of careless days,
Of ballads tender as a maiden's sighs ;
Of lyrics voiceful of the wood-bird's note,
And old romantic lays ;
Perhaps a couplet "to My Lady's eyes,"
Would please us more than all the odes we wrote.

INTENSITY.

“ Short is life’s day from birth’s morn to the setting,
“ And even then not all hours are unclouded ;
“ Sweet golden moments wane in vain regretting ;
“ Unknowing bliss, soon many souls are shrouded ;
“ Life’s cup of wine, put by, soon loses fire :—
“ So, while the lips are full, and the arm strong,
“ Take it,” Death said, “ e’en with its fateful lees,
“ Careless if thou expire ;
“ For ’tis life’s height that gladdens, not how long
“ Ye sail, in ease, its smooth and fleckless seas.”

LOVE.

Why do we strive, and fetter our pained souls
With bonds unnatural, forgetting all
Transporting joy that through the spring-time rolls,
Melting the winter in its icy pall ?
What of the virgin morning full of song ;
Sweet memories of lutes of tender sound,
And struck with burning fingers in soft eves,
When to rapt love belong
The hours ? Oh ! let the lucent fanes abound
With harp-strings trembling 'neath the sacred leaves.

How love could find a summer of delight,
Hid in the roses of her budding lips ;
Ah ! no unclosing blossom in the night
Tastes rarer nectar, in delicious sips

Of dew ; and he should pensive hold her hands,
Cool as a flower-bud plucked at the new moon ;
And sweet to smell, as Orient calamus,
Would be the twisted bands
About her hair ; and lutes would sound the time
Of youth returned to old Odysseus.

POEMS OF NATURE.

Spring.

THE CALL OF SPRING.

Melt, melt, white fields, and let the freed streams flow
Between your banks of snow ;
And may young Love's heart find
An answer to his mind,
In every bud that swells, and leaves that grow.

Unfold, ye cloud-set skies of softest blue !
And call the violet through
The earth that seals it up ;
Release its lucent cup
From lips that with dull scents its wine imbrue.

Great Boreas ! stay thy strong-winged blasts this
morn ;

For unto Joy is born
A child, a blossom frail :

The May-flower, timid, pale ;
That, were it not for hope, would be forlorn.

I see thy palace shine, proud Winter ! cold,
Ice-buttressed, towers bold,
But what a song is here,
To greet the waking year :
A stranger piping on a flute of gold.

A SPRING SONG.

An alien in the land of song,
I hear the Spring come to my doors,
As those who watch the sea, along
The sweep of unfamiliar shores.

Sometimes the rain, with soft surprise,
Showers through a cloud its music sweet ;
And when I drop my vagrant eyes,
A violet glistens by my feet.

Clear, full, a bell swells up the glen,
The flowing air clings to the sound ;
The world is open, free, again,
The pulse of life is in the ground.

A SPRING SONG.

A snowy bough, but one of bloom,
Floats on the wind : a censer hung ;
And hands unseen the thick perfume
Spread, as a mist, the walks among.

A drop of purple, fused in cream,
Too ardent for the leaves to spring,
Hepaticas wake from their dream,
And blend in young love's garlanding.

I know a bud of dappled sheath,
Pendent by many marshes cool,
Yellow by borders of the heath :
The Dog's-tooth, mirrored in the pool.

Upon the garden gate I lean,
And hear the birds start from the mead :
A voice, as warm as Love's, between
My ancient losses, and my need,

And I am won ; old Grief, good-bye !
No alien, I will join the throng
Of those that march with minstrelsy,
Their cares lost in the vernal song.

ELDON-WOOD.

In Eldon-wood the wind is loud,
The leaves come rustling down the hill ;
They clothed the bare slopes like a shroud,
That trembled ever to the breeze's will.

And if it be a leaf, or bird,
That floats across the glowing west,
I cannot tell ; no note is heard,
But what could sing unless its soul were blessed

An oak, with withered leaves arrayed,
Stands in the light, and to me seems
As radiant as when Autumn made
Its boughs a shrine to lure a poet's dreams.

Yonder, the hemlocks still are bright ;
Tall slender birches here and there
Like fairy wands, sway in the light,
And almost blossom in the sunny air.

Yet, not without some verdant cheer,
The barren wood unfolds its glades ;
A treasured spray of moss is here :
A wreath of promise, beauteous in the shades.

And where the vale is deepest, gleams
A spring, already rippling bright,
It times its motion to the dreams
Of lilies, rising to the coming light.

APRIL GROVES.

Following a breathless rumor of the spring,
Close pressed the sparkling verdure, and the wild
Glad chorus of the birds made forests ring,
And velvet lawns resound and meadows mild ;
Finches, with gold-adorned and olive wings,
Chattered of sunshine in a budding hedge,
They sang a roundelay of vernal hopes,
 Of bees and whispering things,
Of balmy airs and azure skies, the pledge
 Of summer lingering on her bloom-starred slopes.

The cheerless blackbird waked to hear the rain
Falling at night upon the lifeless land,
And coursing softly down the barren plain,
And ere the morn he knew the spring at hand ;

Dales long forlorn now smile in fearless green ;
The morning answers, of the earth revived,
And silvery maple groves with new buds bright.

O ! April of soft mien,
I hear thee singing with the bees unhived,
All unrestrained by winter's chilling night.

Where the fresh leaves drooped in a curtain green,
Glistening like silk from Persia's gorgeous looms,
I saw a robin flit the boughs between,
Fluting his joy through these, his shady rooms ;
Catkins of willows ; buds of birches sweet
Tempered the air with cool aromas moist,
And the swamp-maples swung red censers free ;
A vernal zephyr fleet
Related how the balsam groves rejoiced,
And bore an echo of a fountain's glee.

What rare employment hath the vernal wind,
Blowing to yellow flames the daffodil,
How spends the spring the riches of her mind
To form and dye another blossom still,
A wild bud rarer than the lotus bloom,
Touched with a tint of pink unknown before,

And petals polished smooth as Kashmire's rose,
Woven on finer loom
Than those that knit the veils the Tyrians wore,
Lucent as stream that over marble flows.

Summer.

A SUMMER DAY.

I know a sunny winding vale,
Where cool and bubbling springs ne'er fail ;
And where a hollow dips,
A lakelet lifts its cup of blue
(As Ganymede to Zeus) unto
The great green world's bright lips.
Forsaken pasture lands slope to a stream ;
And wing-tired insects dream
The hot noon through,
Swinging on blooms of meadow rue.
O'er fruiting orchards bobolinks
Sing mellow songs. My thirsty spirit drinks
A golden fill of liquid notes,
Spent wantonly from happy throats ;
While censers of the clematis
Diffuse incense and bliss.

SUMMER EVE.

The air is full of whisperings,
And gentle-voiced content to-day,
The vesper-sparrow lights and sings
A hymn of joy, an evening lay.

Sometimes the slumbering breeze awakes,
And waves the shadows of the trees ;
Or moves along the thorny brakes ;
Or shakes the daisies on the leas.

Soft valleys wind by sunny streams,
Where cardinal-flowers limn their plumes ;
And Summer, full of golden dreams,
Nods by a bed of tansy blooms.

The flood of Evening's glory fills
The quiet places of a wood,
The hum of bees, the purling rills
Speak a sweet faith, that life is good.

Tall meadow-rues, in green and white,
Toss their proud coronals in glee,
The sun has robed them like the light,
That graceful lovely company.

And underneath a spreading tree
I saw the yarrow, hardly fair,
Its bloom was dim, but oh ! to see
The leafy beauty it could wear.

So still the scene, that it would seem
Soft clouds would ever float above,
Bright with the glory of the dream
That joy is alway, life is love.

EVEN-TIME.

In meadows deep with hay I see
The reapers' steel flash sparklingly,
And bobolinks at play ;
And in the iris-bordered coves
Frail lilies, shaded by the groves,
Moor all the golden day.

I watch a flicker rise on sun-lit wings
High where a pewee sings,
Apollo's messenger
To the lone piper of the fir.

Where rolling western hills look like
Waves of aerial seas, the sunsets strike,
And, wrecking, dye the clouds with gold.

Moon-wheeled, Eve's chariot is rolled
On through the high, star-spangled doors,
To Night's dark murmurous shores.

DREAM PLACES.

O ! pearly Orient, where Aurora smiles,
Endowed with rose—gifts, fragrant, dewy, cool,
Find me a dell among thy happy isles,
A mossy couch above a crystal pool,
A seat 'neath branches where thy songbirds hymn,
And where the half-ripe fruit is blushing slightly ;
There dreaming would I pass the hours, until
 The eve was full and dim ;
There I would hear the oreads tripping lightly,
Like fluttering leaves, as each sought its chaste hill.

There a whole summer would I careless dwell,
And watch great Thaumas' daughter, o'er the storm,
Build her bright arch upon the waters' swell,

Tinctured with melting color, fair of form,
Curved like the flight of Eos from the east ;
With various heavenly ravishment of sound,
The lingering sunny afternoons I'd spend,
 Lost in the blissful feast ;
And easeful, lying on the grassy ground,
Mine ear would catch earth's tunes that never end.

Soft as the summer journeys from the south,
The whispers of the breeze would come to me,
And I should almost feel upon my mouth
The sweetness of the evening's minstrelsy ;
Then would the dews drip through the thickets
 dense,
Cooling the fragrant clusters blushing there ;
Forgotten converse of the golden time,
 God-like, sublime, intense,
Would in my thoughts revive ; and, unaware,
Old Pan would pipe for me his pastoral rhyme.

And I should hear at eve his bleating flocks,
And see the enchanted waves lit by the moon ;
And sleepless Echo o'er Arcadian rocks

Would wander, humming still her faltering tune ;
Or idle satyrs on their mellow flutes
Would pipe for nymphs a tricksy merry dance ;
Apollo's throbbing harp upon the breeze,
Or Cytherean lutes,
Distant I'd hear ; or see a dryad glance,
With star-deep eyes, from her embowering trees.

A bee's deep murmur from a bending flower
Would speak to me a message of ripe combs :
A dripping richness, a twice-sweetened dower
Of summer to her swarm in wintry homes ;
And from the deep lush clover fields of June
Birds, sunny-hearted, would arise with songs,
Piercing with ecstasy the silence round,
In long-continued tune ;
Oh, season of repose ! what joy belongs
To thee ; with what soft hymns thy vales resound.

Now whispering leaves lull the deep wood to sleep,
For Hyacinthus dreams in silence there ;
O zephyr ! it avails thee not to weep,
No more the beauteous boy with thee wilt share
The playful game in the sweet Dorian land ;

Mourn him, ye breezes ! in the twilight sad,
And clustering vines, contribute your laments ;
 His unsuspecting hand
No more Apollo's lyre with music glad
 Will touch, soothing the shepherds in their tents.

Autumn.

AUTUMN.

. Rich is the time, great peace is o'er the land ;
And sovereign Nature with a golden smile
Beams on the gleaners passing, band on band,
Upon the mowers as they rest a while ;
Flower-crowned, the slender maidens raise a hymn,
And the deep burning west intenser grows ;
Altar to altar kindles with the flame ;
In worship, palely dim,
The stars pass in a light half-gold, half-rose,
Till all songs sink to silence whence they came.

Now dreams fall on the valleys of the night ;
The last red poppy stills its ardent breast ;
No more the morning, with a hand of light,
Will wake its petals from their dreamy rest ;
Sighs from each breeze the sad, sweet slumber song ;
Sleep, like the dew, falls from the Evening's wings,
And every Beauty veils its eyes in tears ;
What woes to thee belong,
Most mournful time ! that not a robin sings,
To melt thy heart shut up in friendless fears.

Where are the rose-warmed lyrics of the morn ;
The Lesbian's lyre, the full-blown Sappho's sigh ?
See ! far and wide the Autumn waves her corn,
'Tis her adieu, her signal she will die ;
Wake once again, ere partings sad are told,
The careless throbings of the Evian lyre,
The mad, glad, Bacchus-ivied festival ;
Ah, ye stern cynics old,
Why do ye strive to quench our natural fire,
And tear to shreds our youthful coronal ?

Where now the chequered leas of sunny bloom,
A paradise of beauty for the eye ?

The glorious colors to an ashen doom
Have faded, and the summer with a sigh
Has cast away the vermeil-hearted rose
She ravished at her lips ; and flowers, that burned
To seraph-faces brooding o'er their dreams,
Have passed, and no one knows
Their bourne ; demure, and almost unconcerned,
I too could pass with these outgoing streams.

But whither would we go, we who are blind ?
As the worn slumberer takes his cares to bed,
His dreams again into the world unkind,
For no condition are we meet ; instead,
We come to life with no experience,
Out of the past from which we bring
No memory ; we stumble and we fail ;
Grant, stars that light us hence !
Our souls will cleave those airs with stronger wing,
Free and exultant, mount each higher gale.

Between the hills in green and fertile courses
These valleys wound to meet the blithesome spring,
Now from unnumbered Lethe-tinctured sources
Their streams the general desolation bring ;

First from smooth uplands was the barley shorn,
Where crickets tinkled silvery roundelay,
And now a palsy pales the tender wheat
 Late sown ; and, sadly borne
Upon the breeze, I hear the thrushes raise
 Their pipe, too melancholy to be sweet.

What pure delight the lucid dew must thrill
 As bud to bud it falls on April's flowers,
 And what a sense of dun bereavement chill
Must tinge the rains upon the Autumn bowers,
 Bowers where no leaves glance golden in the light,
 Trembling to some mysterious ecstasy,
Where heavy branches to a rhythm grand,
 Erewhile at the wind's might,
Spoke out the changes of a melody
 That might have fallen from an angel's hand.

Oh ! cloying slumber, dense and imminent,
 Brother of Death and leagued with his designs
 Unloose thy spell awhile from the world, shent
Of all its clinging glories, moss and vines,
 And clematis robed like a holy bride ;
 Like the high pines, that in serener air

Flourish above the rigor of the year,
Grant us a breath allied
To life awhile, or lingering blossom fair,
Blue-eyed to smile sweet through a beauteous tear.

Departing glory leaves the world forlorn ;
E'en as the moon, above the Delian shrine
Forsaken, through these barren fields of corn
A pallid light, a sorrow half divine,
Falls on the silent moody wilderness ;
No harvest bells, laughter of lovers young,
No music of the ringing scythe, is heard ;
Almost a god's distress
Hangs o'er these valleys, where of old was sung
The fluted joyance of a summer's bird.

A purple lake, framed in a silvery strand,
Erewhile bore pearly lilies to the sun ;
Alas ! the sterner season is at hand ;
The favorite seats of summer are undone ;
Cold are the margins of once lucent waves ;
The heavy waters, brooded o'er by night,
And treacherous, like dark Lethe, lick the shore,
Or suck to cheerless graves

'The Autumn's leafage, pencilled with the light,
Or chilled to wondrous gleams by mornings frore.

How I have loved thee, Earth ! scenes that I leave,
Gardens of musing walled in laurel white ;
Eve's bowers, whence the vesper-bird would grieve
In plaintive numbers for the waning light,
And pour its swelling heart of love abroad ;
Soft winding valleys of deep dewy grass,
Grazed o'er by sleek and slowly-wandering kine ;
Old roads, with golden-rod
Lined festive, as though Orient kings should pass
Now all is lost, the song, fruit, sun, and wine.

The matin bird, that hurried his clear flute,
The swift unfolding glories of the day
To praise, has now departed, or is mute ;
The feathery birches of the woodland way,
Whose leaves like to a thousand lamps of light
Twinkled across the waning sun, are bare ;
The Hebe-blush of life is lost ; the smile
Of hope from my dim sight
Passes away ; the hooded face of prayer
Lingers alone o'er Earth's cold shrine awhile.

And thou hast ta'en my flowers, conspiring Death !
That Love and I had chosen for our speech :
Roses for ardor, with a passioned breath ;
Lilies for Love's own soul ; and unto each
Sweet blossom we had given qualities :
Pansies for innocence, because their eyes
Are always open wide ; daises for grace ;
Poppies for that rich ease,
That trust of love, whose only words are sighs ;
All thou hast ta'en, and veiled too e'en Love's face.

LATE AUTUMN.

Behold ! the maize fields set their pennons free,
In this rich golden ending of the year ;
And asters bloom upon the sunny lea,
Smiling as sweet as May, though leaves turn sere.
Deep in the dell the gentle turtle-head
Lifts up its tiny spire of pearly bells,
And cardinals ring out a richer chime ;
A last brave bee seeks in the gentians' cells
A farewell taste of honeyed spring, for dead
Is all the clover on its fragrant bed,
And bloomless rose vines o'er the trellis climb.

Sometimes across the still and cheerless night
The farewells of the flocks are softly heard,
As to the warm savannahs they take flight,
Following the sad and tuneful mocking-bird.

And numerous winds are murmuring sudden loss,
Like cries for Hylas through the Mysian land,
Or doleful chords on Grecian citherns played
By tearful maidens of a funeral band.

Of all the wealth of Autumn now is left
But that to wound the memory ; bereft
Is he who wanders in this barren glade.

No more I linger in the Lydian wood,
And wait Silenos by each dell and spring ;
No more the gloaming seems or warm or good,
When everything of joy has taken wing.
I e'en despair of Hellas in my pain ;
I walk an endless line of cypress shade ;
I wreck upon the tossing coast of night,
When everything of loveliness light made
Dissolves into the cold swift autumn rain,
That sweeps interminably o'er the plain,
And leaves the dying world in piteous blight.

Winter.

THE WHITE LAND.

The wide wood lies in silent wonderment,
Robed in the ermine of a northern queen ;
It is not life or joy, or deep content,
That gives it rest and grace, for I have been
Within its borders when its pulse was strong,
And life unto its highest leaf was felt ;
Then would it pour the vernal hymn around
In ever-varied song ;
This is the charm occult by Boreas spelt,
To frozen sleep the magic glade has swooned.

Few sounds take flight, and they are not of life ;
The bonds of ice burst with a sullen noise ;
The shackled world is shut too close for strife ;

There is no cry of grief, or sweet-toned joys
To wake the stillness of this house of death ;
Sometimes the icy beads the winds will shake
And sow the glistening floor with pearls of light,
But no flushed maiden's breath
Is held to see the Orient necklace break ;
No ravished dryad views the lavish sight.

Deep in the darkest night the first snow fell ;
There was a hush ; the very winds were still ;
The moon delayed to rise, checked by the spell ;
A presence, vast as death, of potent will,
Spoke without voice unto the air and land :
Unto the night ; unto each mist-banked star ;
And as it came, on viewless wings it went ;
Then rose on every hand
The watchers of the morning ; near and far
They saw the world with wondrous whiteness sprent.

A splendor lies upon the wood and hill,
And every outline of the earth is soft ;
With fairy glamor the hushed world is still ;

The cheery snowbirds only sport aloft ;
Asleep and motionless, the eternal pines
Tower like the night above the changeful scene ;
Winter to them alone has brought no sorrow ;
While o'er a casement's vines
I look, and ask if they'll again be green ;
If grief will end, and love look out to-morrow.

Death ! thou art good, cool, comforting and still ;
For roses thou hast given lilies fair ;
See ye those stones that mark the funeral hill,
White as the snow-wreaths that the valleys wear ?
There were they laid, the troubled ones of earth,
And the light veils of snow, blown by the breeze,
Feel more of change than those blest sleepers know ;
Lamentings ! swell to mirth,
Ye human mourners, bend no sorrowing knees ;
Like rivers souls to God's last ocean flow.

Treasures of crystal, white and diamond-pure,
The wind, a hoarder-elf who never sleeps,
Piles in his woodland dens, branch-hid and sure ;

Pearls lucent more than light the Indian deeps.
Toledo's dazzling towers, and sunny bowers ;
A castle in old Spain, these not for me
Hold half the magic splendor of a bank,
Crowned with cold ice-carved flowers,
Machicolated like a fort of chivalry,
And by Orion's stars watched, rank on rank.

A WINTER VILLAGE.

Now as I wander o'er the hard-worn roads,
Pure as a crystal pavement, early eve
Comes sudden on, and bright from the abodes
Of men the social lamp gleams ; still I grieve
For the imprisonment of lovely things ;
Deep in the snow-banks sleep the glorious flowers ;
And frozen is the music of the field,
 That swelled the pipes of springs ;
Only the screaming jay the silent hours
Alarms, or vespers by far church-bells pealed.

Where shines the cheerful glow of sparkling fires,
Felt warmer for the blustering winds without,
The farmer, glad that all that he requires

Is closely housed at hand, gathers about
The hearth his family and friends and dogs ;
November chestnuts brown, of yellow meat
Rich with a woodland flavor, there they toast,
Close by the half-charred logs ;
And as the hours grow stiller, each his seat
Draws closer to the coals, around his host,

Who boasts of hunts displayed upon the walls,
The claws of mighty bears, shaggy and brown ;
The antlered elk which leaped o'er water-falls,
But tumbled to his aim the cliff adown ;
Skins of fierce lynxes, whose wild flaming eyes
Unnerved the hand upon his trusty gun,
The prying fox which preyed on his barn-yard ;
Until at last they rise,
Each in his bosom feeling he has done
Somefeat surpassing, venturous and hard.

What of the cold ! warm are the coverings soft,
That make a downy nest for each that night ;
What of the winds ! that shake the chimney oft,
And through the window blow the far starlight
Into dim flickering beams, and almost out ;

Winter is here, and heaped are winter's stores ;
The best enjoyment of the year is now :

Long rest, and tours about
The confines of the house ; peace within doors,
And on the plain a respite to the plough.

Nor is the barn inhospitable ; rows
Of oxen sleek, and kine, full-uddered, greet
With lowings glad the opened door, where blows
The unabated winter, storm and sleet ;
Their steamy breath congeals upon the hay
O'erhead, so richly stored that every loft
Groans and bends low beneath its burden sweet ;
And here to spend the day
The herdsmen gather, and their tales told, oft
The milkmaid Phyllis makes their themes complete.

Late rising, and with shortened, cheerless beam,
The pallid sun unveils the gray cold day ;
The biting wind along the imprisoned stream
Whistles and swells, like furies in their play ;
The smoke-wreaths from the chimneys wear a hue
Of cloudy blue ; they flutter and are lost ;
The runners of the sleighs ring silver-clear ;
Little have they to do

Outdoors to-day, the village folk, the frost
Alone is busy o'er each booming were.

Blast of the north! awake, and give the storm,
The ancient voice of chaos down the wind,
The midnight terror, seen in many a form :
Drift of the snow-wreath, and the sleet-fall blind ;
Clash of the tempest ; stars dispersed like fire,
When brands are dashed against a rough-faced rock ;
Perpetual whistlings ; sighing of the fray ;
Till wrath itself expire,
And the torn world, disheartened by the shock,
Veils her worn visage from the awakening day.

Winter! the strangest season of the earth,
Cold as dead hearts ; semblance of final peace ;
Bare, bleak and lone, with the unlovely dearth
Of natural joy ; with thee my longings cease ;
I cannot overcome the endless light,
Light without warmth, form without pulse or blush ;
Movement where joy has not impelled, or that
Supreme, diviner might
Of love. Soul! breathe not in this densest hush,
This is no peak of life, no Ararat.

Spring gave her gifts, and they were new-born flowers ;
Summer her treasure, the full burst of song ;
The golden autumn smiled between her showers ;
But winter ! cold-eyed, dreary winter, long
 We wait to feel some vital boon bestowed
By thee ; thy cold hands cannot ope a bloom ;
Thy beam cannot illume a rosy cloud ;
 The world to its edge snowed,
A spectral shadow in a dreamless gloom,
 Sleeps past the call of love, dead in its shroud ;

Dead in its smiles ; love and its roses fair,
Fame and its laurel in the poet's locks,
Ambition's brow, unfurrowed now by care,
Sleep ; and the venom jealousy, that mocks
 At every guerdon that the great receive,
Cannot across this gulf be heard ; strong, long,
May ye sleep on, ye nobler, weary ones,
 And to the little leave
Their base small souls and cries ; the higher song
 Sweeps on, for those who rise beyond earth's suns.

Ah ! this is life : the passing of a leaf,
From green to gold, from ruby-brown and sere,

To the white frost-work, and the numbing grief ;
From the full-blooded bud to bare woods drear ;
Ah ! this is love, from sighs and smiles and vows,
And trust and hope, and youth's supreme delight,
To strife and unbelief and weariness ;
Temper o'er once fair brows,
And then the passing of love's flame from sight ;
And speech, like winter's wind that cannot bless.

Recorders of old time, still must they come,
These winters chill that mark the approach of fate ;
Freedom to sorrow ; rest to grief, and some
They give (the imperial souls) an opened gate
From earth's last phase unto the thick beyond ;
Nothing is better to them than new trials ;
Each summer brings its thrush and song the same,
And lilies to the pond ;
Welcome the change, last shadow of earth's dials ;
A newer strife they seek, a larger fame,

PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE BIRD.

What moves the little wanderer thus to sing,
Whether from open field or shaded bower,
In the expectant silence of the spring?
Is it an idle impulse of the hour,
A memory of songs sung once or heard?
Do strange pulsations in its breast awake,
Or do these silvery flutings only serve
For the expressive word?
Do sudden wonders on its vision break,
Or doth it praise the blossom's dyes and curve?

The dewy freshness of the last-blown flower,
A melting warmth upon its vocal tongue,
The lively odors of a morning shower,

A flowery stalk with many sweet buds hung ;
These, do its little happy soul uplift ?
These, or the soft and spreading rosy morn ?
Of honeyed nectars does its glad bill taste,
Or do the shadows swift,
That lightly flutter past its spray of thorn,
Move it to sing in such delightful haste ?

Is it familiar with rich Araby,
And many a spicy zephyr blowing there ;
Hath it been down beside the murmuring sea,
And heard the sirens, seen the evening flare,
Or listened to a Triton's far-blown horn ?
With what indulgence hath it ripened such
A deep pure note of faultless melody ;
About the tawny corn,
To hear the breezes, hath it lingered much,
Or is it endowed by love's clear fostering sky ?

Hath it seen nymphs, and does it sing of them,
Or the rich flowings of Aurora's robes,
Brocaded with deep rubies at the hem ;

Hath its freed vision reached the starry globes,
Its hearing ventured near the rolling spheres,
Where full-voiced anthems fill the holy pauses
Throughout the hallowed night, when everything
Slumbers the sleep of years ;
Does some low voice propound the eternal causes,
Or some hid hand support its daring wing ?

What gives the manumission of its soul,
Till it is free as is a ray of light ;
And barred from no long-dreamed of, wished-for
goal ;
Untrammelled as the white rider of the night ;
The bloom is fettered to its thorny stalk,
The odor hardly rises from the flower,
And at the most its breezy journey's short
Along the bordered walk ;
But enviable bird, in one short hour,
To what far climes thy heart and song resort !

THE LAST WATCH.

The voice of the singer is dumb,
Where ye come,
Rose-summer sealed up sweet, and none to greet ;
No throb of the lyre, or the air on fire ;
Only the ghost of the spirit of heat.

Here all that shall pass have gone by,
Gone to die ;
Both those illumed by song, or dark with wrong ;
The murmurs are stilled, as the player willed,
Only the pulse of the silence is strong.

The call that came out of the east
Now has ceased ;

The lover, who for fame had chose her name,
And others of earth, who to sorrow, mirth,
Power, gave their lives, find the end is the same.

The arms of the night shall take hold
Of the old

Grim hills before unstirred ; without a word
Of hope in the gloom, and shall bar the tomb ;
Nor from the grave shall a protest be heard.

Care, Grief, and the labor of Sin,
Ye closed in ;

But that which warmed the flute, when it was mute :
The sound that had gone, when ye passed it on,
Where found ye that ! do the wires make a lute ?

THE GLAMOR.

In the long quiet at the close of day,
When bush-tops flowered golden in the sun,
And hills put on their glory, one by one,
And deepening shadows veiled the valleys gray ;
I heard a flute tone on the stillness play :
A dewy showering of melodious peace,
To which the raptured ear gave no surcease ;
An influence kindling like a morning ray.

It held the passing evening to my sight,
And gave again old visions I had dreamed ;
Loved hopes stood near me in the lingering light,
And tall as summer gardens to me seemed,
Bound by that spell, the bloom my soul had kept
Within its reach, to grasp ere it had slept.

THE MONTHS.

What ruthless feet have trampled in the mead
The long-stemmed violets, matched to Venus' eye ;
What merry maids, what laughter, here passed by,
When one late hand plucked marigolds in seed !
Here were a springy lawn, where they might lead
Light-footed dances 'tween the daisy rows ;
But they passed early, and no watcher knows
What fingers poppies from their sleep have freed.

The harebell trembled to a touch unseen ;
Succeeding bloom, the aster, Autumn's queen,
The last, meek flower that drank the morning-dew,
Shed their rich gifts and spread their fragrance mild ;
The quest speeds on, and still the Months pursue
Beauty, of Love and Life the deathless child.

THE STOIC.

Tears cleared my view, and sorrow, pain,
Anguish, and losses bore me on
To bloomless heights where falls no rain
Of pity their cold slopes upon.

Chastened by disappointment, I
Was heir to that beatitude ;
That calm of the uplifted sky,
Where resignation is life's mood.

Denial asks such favors small ;
Yea, greater is my dignity :
So rich am I, I give up all ;
Longings nor hopes now conquer me.

Possessing nothing, I give o'er
The wish for joy, so am supreme ;
A sated Crœsus has not more ;
Or Sappho, in her Orphean dream.

Only the great grieve, and the mean ;
One fears to die and leave his name ;
One trembles lest Death come between
Oblivion and a living shame.

But where I go, at least there's rest
Forever,—what this earth gave not,—
Or if to wake again is best,
The Fates no less joy can allot.

Greater, not lesser, thou must win,
Soul ! in this final, deepest mood ;
Victor o'er life, death, evil, in
The poise of supreme solitude.

THE BOBOLINK.

Blithe ranger of the sunny leagues of air !

When the cool shadows sleep by drowsy trees,
And poppy influence woos the languid breeze ;
Into what blinding spaces dost thou fare,
A trill of wildness, soaring unaware
In freedom, to the very heart of light,
In heavenly joy, beyond our earthly sight ;
Link, lift our woes to some supreme sweet care.

There resting on the bosom of our God,

Who gives thy wing its strengthened flight to Him,
We shall repose in contemplation meet ;
We, too, are children springing from the sod,
A broken cry from shores whose sweep is dim,
And where we hear the passing of His feet.

Thou to His throne, upon a summer's day,
Hast gone on beating wing and silver beam,
Winding, far up, where rays of noontime stream,
And on thy breast hast felt His glory play
With the deep wonder of the rains of May,
And tender sighing of a zephyr-breath,
Akin to bliss, and drooping like dear Death,
That clasps tired Flora in fall lanes astray.

Like to a distant bell, I hear thee shower
Thy spirit melodies upon the wind,
A spell immortal, sealing up my soul,
Calling, like dreams, to that still, radiant hour,
That calm rich leisure of a vagrant mind,
When it has passed in peace its last hard goal.

THE RAVEN.

First discord in the flowing theme of earth,
Dark stranger ! knows thy heart no thrill of song ?
Does no bright melody to thee belong,
No gladness fill thy throat with tuneful mirth ?
I watch thee, heavy-winged, flap thy dull flight,
And almost scatter melancholy o'er
The grove that would awake in smiling flowers ;
I know thee now, thy voice is from the shore
Of seas that sob and cry from out the night,
Yet never loosed from the relentless hours.

Unwelcome shadow in the noon of spring,
Fade from the day, and leave God's lilies free,
By pure, white streams to wander peacefully,
And o'er quiet coves their happy wreaths to fling

So that the mead and wave may breathe their vows;
Still fearless, dost thou soar upon the wind?
Perchance thou knowest the sterner side of truth,
And art akin to sorrow of the mind,
Seeing, aloof, the pain of laurelled brows,
The final vanity of untried youth.

Ah, yes, with all the bloom, bind thy dark form,
And blend thy alien feeling with our bliss,
Lest love too keenly cheat us with her kiss;
For after sunshine surely comes the storm,
And we will later find our bliss undone;
Joy steals our strength; we are for bolder woes,
The heirs of stricken Titans of the past;
We slight grief's message, toying with the rose,
Dreaming we are the children of the sun
Ere the night's throes, though we reach peace at last.

THE HOURIS.

Palm trees sighing, voices dying,
In the rhythmic ebb of eve ;
Soft winds calling, waters falling,
These ye know awhile, then leave,

Fleeting mortals ! for the portals
Opening beyond your ken ;
Resting ever, we can never
Sever bonds like mortal men.

Rich in beauties, poor in duties,
Sung by poets for our eyes,
Large as flowers, sweet as showers ;
But we crave some high emprise.

Clay your being, dim your seeing,
We are born of rarest musk ;
Pearls our houses ; what arouses
You, to waken from your dusk ?

Changes coming ; great spheres humming
On their bright transcendent way ;
Full-blown roses in God's closes,
Buds, fruit never ; thus we stay :

Youth undying, never trying
Age or grief to tinge our sweet ;
Sorrow, Morrow, thus ye borrow
Something new to speed your feet.

Dates, pomegranates, dewy planets
Drop their gifts upon our knees,
Vines o'erladen give each maiden
Garlands scattered by the breeze.

But employment is enjoyment,
What are winds asleep at eve !
O ! the strife, the doubting life, the
Privilege of men to grieve.

O ! the waking, and the breaking
From the seed and from the sod,
From sin's places, by long graces,
To the aureole of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VALE OF ESTABELLE.

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into the dell,

The little, time-stained headstones, in the vale of Estabelle.

I often looked across them, when I lounged upon the hill,

I never walked among them, nor could cross the moody rill.

I had a dread of seeing e'er the dead of pallid face,
And feared at night to meet their ghosts haunting a lonely place.

The church bell rang at night-time, just one hollow,
dismal toll,

The aged by the cranny heard, and sighed: "How
grows death's roll!"

Each meadow has its sparrow and each copse its note
of spring,

But seasons through I never heard a bird in grave-
yard sing.

A solemn man, the sexton, and 'twas he you saw at
eve

Look at the sun, lay down his spade, wipe brow upon
his sleeve.

The church was old, its tower bold, and dust-
bedimmed the panes;

The preacher ever paused a while when fell the
autumn rains.

The goodwives ceased from musing, and some fear
upon them came

"'Tis ill to be from church to-day, when one's not
blind or lame."

They often asked me why it was I shunned the headstones so ;

“ I fear them not,” I said, “ to some new grave with you I’ll go.”

I thought perhaps a patriarch would tire of life, and sleep,

I’d walk behind, he was so old, there’d be no need to weep.

The morrow morn came darkly, there was awe within the town ;

Three days of dread before they said, “ ’Twas pretty Alice Brown.”

Oh ! ’tis not she of hazel eyes, of plaited golden hair,

Whose smiles of greeting always beamed like heaven on my care ;

Not Alice of the sidelong glance, soft heart, and tender sigh

That kissed the rose aswoon ; tell me ! did *God* let Alice die ?

“The third day past came darkly ; there was awe
within the town,

“They called her long, but ne’er will wake your
pretty Alice Brown.”

I linger in the village still, I cannot go away ;
I walk the ways alone at eve ; sometimes I pause and
pray ;

It is not much I say of her, I say it very low,
But somehow it is sweet to think, “Perhaps the
spirits know.”

One house there is I never pass, one way I never
look ;
I never climb the hill at eve, I never cross the
brook,

But over there, amid the rest, is carved into a stone,
Her name and day, and that sad word I feel the
most : “ Alone.”

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into the
dell,
Those little, crumbling headstones, in the vale of
Estabelle.

THE TUBA-TREE.

Unto great Allah's garden lured
By loves and longings of my prayer,
I found my happy soul immured
In walls of light, high as the noon-day fair.

A breath of Paradise had borne
Me o'er the shining minarets ;
And for the robes that I had worn,
The chains of opal, gold, and polished jets,

My spirit wandered in a cloud
Of moist musk perfumes, by a stream ;
My body elsewhere had its shroud,
Perchance it saw me glorious in its dream.

El Tehyet's branches, like a tent,
 Spread o'er me with delicious shade,
 And farther than day's sunset went,
 Its shadows coolness dropped adown the glade.

Close by its leaves a river flowed,
 Deep pearly gates unloosed the flood,
 And silver moons a radiance snowed
 On countless joys, soft swelling in the bud.

El Tehyet's trunk is twisted gold,
 Stouter than any Dervish spear,
 And on the lawn its fruit is rolled,
 Like dates of Hejaz, sweetest of the year.

Mina's dark grapes of coolest wine,
 Like Zamzam's waters to my taste ;
 And oranges, golden as a mine
 Of Padishahs, drop down in luscious waste.

And opening their creamy rinds,
 Innumerable virtues are revealed ;
 Would that I had a thousand minds,
 And could enjoy the pleasures that they yield :

Swift flight upon a bridled steed,
Whose trappings gleam like virgin stars ;
A myriad houri-glances freed
From casements shut in rose-encircled bars.

From Tuba's branches sweeps a bird,
Selavat, diving in the stream,
And hardly is the water stirred
Till every spreading spray seems, in my dream,

An angel radiant by the throne,
Pleading forgiveness with its tears,
For greater sins of mine to atone,
And shames uprising from forgotten years.

ISRAFEL.

“ Whose heart-strings were a lute.”

He touched the chords, he heard the sound
 Spread like the moon at night ;
He was an angel who had found
 Reverie, delight.

Unto himself he played, nor knew
 What trembled on the strings ;
As the uprising lark the dew
 Shakes from his wings,

His fingers scattered showers shrill
 Of palpitating notes,
Surprised, he ceased, but wider still
 The music floats ;

It was a golden rain that fell
Like Autumn on the earth ;
It woke the purple asphodel
To sunny mirth.

Flushed with the joy, again he shook
The starry-beaming strings,
They chimed accordant, as a brook
That flows and sings.

With rising passion, keener fire,
He crushed between his palms
The wires, and heard the notes expire
Like vesper-psalms ;

Or heavenly music in a cloud,
Smothered in blissful death ;
Or as a saint stills, with his shroud,
His earthly breath.

He heard the harps of higher choirs,
Like bells and cymbals clear,
Swell to the thrill of their desires,
And flood his ear.

He saw the seraphs, like a flame,
Rise to the blinding throne ;
Cherubs and angels, name on name,
And he alone

Absent, the guardian wings descend,
To bear a mortal's prayer,
Or save a man's soul at the end
Of his despair.

But he was held by this content
Of helpless, thralling joy,
As fading petals close the scent
That they destroy.

He was no hero, yet the flow
Of those far echoes seemed
The plaudits that the victors know,
Or, sleeping, dreamed.

Like incense of a secret prayer,
Breathed from the holy night ;
Like the warm auburn of his hair,
It soothed his sight.

He dreamed, and still he struck the harp,
And sprayed the crystal shower,
A burst of bird-notes, clear and sharp,
In a spring hour ;

Recurrent melodies that blend,
As rainbow colors melt ;
Notes glowing, self-consumed, that end
Before half-felt.

He was God's angel innocent,
Called to no glorious strife :
Love's pureness, that in its fragrance spent
Its beauteous life.

PSYCHE IN TEMPE.

What is this beauty ! Psyche said,
And laughed, as ripples a spring stream,
She tossed the tresses of her head,
That hid her temples 'neath a sunny gleam.

Just to be blown a lily fair,
Held in the sister hands of June !
To slumber nightly by a stair,
That melts into the starry heights of tune.

So to pass through the days, and wake
When the first roses fire the east ;
To pick full coronals, and make
Twin thornless garlands for a guestless feast,

To pillow in my lap at eve
These slender arms, like flowers asleep ;
And then to drop my eyes, and leave
Their lids close-sealed, to hide the tears I weep :

The tears that course back to my heart,
And swell the rising anguish there :
The cries that falter ere they start,
And drown with sobs the half-unspoken prayer.

I hid red roses in my breast,
My heart has blanched them pale and cold ;
Ah, well ! I bind them with the rest,
And place them in this wreath of faded gold.

Wild birds ! ye need not come to me
With whispers of your trysting bowers ;
Your song is but a threnody,
For I have waited through unanswered hours ;

And held my poor hands to the skies,
And only felt the moonbeams chill ;
And wooed with wide-eyed sympathies
The passing shades to give my love's form still.

She held her sorrows in her hands,
And, hopeless, hardly dreamed at all ;
If she had looked across the lands,
The sun had dazed her like an eve in fall.

He held her in his arms, a flower :
Chief bud that drooped within his sight ;
He caught within his heart the shower
Of tears, that dimmed her scattered garlands bright.

He fashioned o'er and o'er her name,
In many metaphors of praise ;
He pled the barriers whence he came,
Until his grief had veiled her like a haze.

He tried old broken themes of song,
And laughed as though his heart were light ;
And moved his pulsing hands along
The slumbering lilies of her dreamy sight,

Until her eyes woke to his own ;
But ere she held him, he had gone,
Lost in the founts of morn, rose-blown,
Her Cupid draws her to the yearning dawn.

ECHO.

Ah ! Oread Echo ! how Queen Juno's ears
Thou fillest with tales of thy sweet straying-places :
Beds bowered with vines, where hardly the nymph
hears
Silvanus piping her unnumbered graces ;
But what a fate is thine ! to wait until
An alien voice unloosens thy sealed tongue,
Thy heart o'erswelling for Narcissus fair,
 Deep pictured in the rill :
Narcissus, loveliest of all beings young,
For whom thine eyes a veil of sorrows wear.

I see the thoughtful Pan rise from his bed,
And shake the leaves of roses from his locks ;
And follow, like a shade by evening led,

Along the vales and high among the rocks ;
Thee seeking, dear elusive one ! upon his reed
Blowing the tenderest melodies he knows ;
Oh, art thou heartless ? why not wait beside
Some vernal dappled mead,
The midst whereof a laughing streamlet flows,
Where golden flowers on mimic billows ride ?

MUSIC.

Music, what art thou not ! the soul of things
The lyre of Amphion in the Theban eve
Moving the stones, or when great Orpheus sings,
The trees and rocks Olympian places leave.
Music ! the soft employment of far spheres,
Where they alone can hear their drifted song ;
The deep inspirer of the joy divine
That wakes returning years ;
The blissful voice of the great vernal throng,
That from Apollo brought their lyrics fine.

O ! nightingale, singing o'er Orpheus' grave,
At lone Libethra, in the Grecian night,
What classic woe is thine ! what love can save

Thee from thy grief and from thy mournful plight !
 Yet sing, thou kin of singing stars sublime ;
 Orpheus yet hears thee on Olympus' side ;
His lyre and soul move with thee through the spring,
 Hymning the golden time,
And Argonauts upon the ocean wide,
 And sirens, his unmatched song silencing.

THE FISHER'S GARDEN.

A place I know where columned rocks uprise,
A Stonehenge gathered in a tossing sea ;
From pillars gray the petrel's dismal cries
Answer the ocean's endless misery ;
The rocks and winds raise war with clouds of surf,
Where fishers' meagre huts creep to the shore,
And their wild gardens of foam-flowers white ;
 No smoothly swelling turf
Lies spread for them with blossoms scattered o'er,
 Their lilies blow upon the billow's height.

RECLAIMED.

'Tis sweet to have no sterner thing to do
Than wander on the shore, lulled by the breeze
That blows o'er gardens of the Hesperides,
Dropping its balmy freights and odors new;
Or by the hedge to stray, where briars strew
Their pink-edged petals on the flowering grass,
Lading with scents the zephyrs as they pass ;
And so to waste the lazy noon hour through,
And fading day ; or watch the sedges wave
Good-byes to ocean hurrying to its cave.
But when I saw the Evening, like a nun,
Wrap the dun shades about her pensive brow,
And kiss the crossed rays of the dying sun,
I, too, a votary, took Nature's vow.

THE WORSHIP.

Is she a saint that she should be
Clothed with a garment radiant?
Eve's altar-fires burn gloriously,
Where sunset is the celebrant.

A sacred hush is in the wood,
A blinding flame illumes the glade,
Soft-passing shadows in a hood
Conceal their sinful brows, afraid.

The aureole is high above :
A cloud, with mystic colors stained,
The censer holds a breath of love :
Lilies and herbs, where night has rained.

Star-rosaries, an eremite
Tells to the cadence of a psalm ;
The presence hides its face in light,
And breathes a rapture from the calm.

The tribute of a hymn is heard,
Played by the breeze through leaves entwined,
And golden-winged, a little bird
Soars to the God it cannot find,

It drops its song, that falls like dew
Upon earth's open hearts and flowers ;
And answering, the deep boughs through,
The blessing came in healing showers.

The choristers each bent a spray,
Their full throats budded into song ;
Antiphonal, before the day,
The swelling chorus swept along ;

It gathered tributes of the morn :
Dream, mystery and full repose,
The minor chords of woes forlorn,
The perfect worship of the rose.

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